

The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't  
Not drop'd downe yet.

*Lord.* The higher powres forbid.

*Pau.* I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath  
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye  
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you  
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,  
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier  
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,  
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,  
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter  
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods  
To looke that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd  
All tongues to take their biturest.

*Lord.* Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault  
I th boldnesse of your speech.

*Pau.* I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much  
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht  
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe  
Should be past grieue: Do not receiue affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)  
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:  
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)  
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:  
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,  
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,  
And Ile say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speake but well,  
When most the truth: which I receiue much better,  
Then to be pittied of thee. Prerhee bring me  
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,  
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall  
The causes of their death appeare (vnto  
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit  
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature  
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long  
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me  
To these sorrowes.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-  
heard, and Clowne.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon  
The Defarts of Bohemia.

*Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare  
We haue landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience  
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,  
And frowne vpon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,  
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.)

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,  
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures  
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

*Antig.* Go thou away,  
Ile follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be forridde o'th businesse.

*Ant.* Come, poore babe;

I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th dead  
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother  
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow

So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes  
Like very sanctity she did approach

My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,  
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes  
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon  
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,

Since Fate (against thy better disposition)  
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out  
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,

Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe  
Is counted lost for euer. *Perdita*

I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse  
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see  
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shruckles  
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect my selfe, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toys,  
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,

I will be squar'd by this. I do beleue  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
*Apollo* would (this being indeede the issue  
Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide

(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth  
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,  
There lye, and there thy charrafter: there these,

Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)  
And still rest thine. The storme beginsse, poore wretch,  
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd

To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,  
But my heart bleedeth: and most accurst am I  
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,

The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue  
A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw  
The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?

Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,  
I am gone for euer. *Exit pursued by a Bear.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and  
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest  
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-

ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,  
fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyde-

braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-

ther? They haue fear'd away two of my best Sheepe,  
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Ma-

ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brow-

zing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue  
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A

boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie  
one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I

can

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror  
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolde error,  
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)

To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide

Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntide

Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre

To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre

To plant, and orewhelme Custome. Let me passe

The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,

Or what is now recei'd. I witnesse to

The times that brought them in, so shall I do

To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale

The glistering of this present, as my Tale

Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,

I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing

As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leauing

Th effects of his fond iualousies, so grieuing

That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me

(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be

In faire Bohemia, and remember well,

I mentioned a sonne o'th Kings, which *Florizell*

I now name to you: and with speed so pace

To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace

Equall with wond'ring. What of her infues

I list not prophesie: but let Times newes

Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-

And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter

Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,

If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:

If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,

He wishes earnestly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importu-  
nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to  
grant this.

*Cam.* It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:  
though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-  
sire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King  
(my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes  
I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which  
is another spurre to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lou'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest  
of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of  
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to  
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made

me businesse, (which none (without thee) can suffici-  
ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,  
or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:

which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I  
cannot) to be more thankfull to thee, shall bee my stu-  
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.  
Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more,  
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance

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